

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Where I do kneele to him that slew my Father.

King. O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my soule.

Yorke. Henry of Lancaster resigne thy Crowne.

What mutter you? Or what conspire you Lords?

War. Do right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Soldiers.

And ouer the Chaire of state where now he sits,

Write vp his Title with thy vsurping blood.

King. O *Warwicke*, heare me speake:

Let me but reigne in quiet while I liue.

Yorke. Confirme the crowne to me, and to mine heires,
And thou shalt reigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.

King. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.

War. Captaine conduct them into *Tutill* fields.

Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?

War. VVhat good is this for England and himselfe?

North. Base, fearfull, and despairing Henry.

Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?

West. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

Clif. Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene.

North. Be thou a prey vnto the house of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkindly deede.

Clif. In dreadfull war mayst thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandond and despisd.

Exet. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeelde my
Lord.

King. Ah *Exeter*?

War. VVhy should you sigh my Lord?

King. Not for my selfe Lord *Warwicke*, but my sonne,
VVhom I vnnaturally shall disinherite.

But be it as it may. I heere intaile the Crowne

To thee and to thine heyres, conditionally,

That heere thou take an oath,

To cease these ciuill broyles, and whilst I liue

To honor me as thy King and Soueraigne.

Yorke. That oath I willingly take, and will performe.

of Yorke and Lancaster.

War. Long liue King *Henry*. Plantagenet embrace him.

King. And long liue thou, and all thy forward sonnes.

Yorke. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcilde.

Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

Sound Trumpets.

Yorke. My Lord, Ile take my leaue,
For Ile to *Wakefield*, to my Castle.

Exit Yorke with his sonnes.

War. And ile keepe London with my souldiors.

Nor. And ile to *Norfolke* with my followers.

Mont. and I to the sea from whence I came.

Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exet. My Lord, heere comes the Queene, Ile steale away

King. And so will I.

Queene. Nay, stay, or else Ile follow thee.

King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile stay.

Queene. What patience can there be? ah timorous man,

Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,

and giuen our rights vnto the house of *Yorke*.

art thou a King, and wilt be for'cst to yeeld?

Had I bene there, the souldiers should haue tost

Me on their launces points, before I would haue

Granted to their wils. The Duke is made

Protector of the Land: *Sterne Fawconbridge*

Commands the narrow seas: and thinkst thou then

To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me *Henry*

From thy bed, vntill that acte of Parliament

Be recald, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of *Yorke*.

The Northerne Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread,

and spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.

Come sonne, lets away, and leaue him heere alone.

King. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.

Q. Thou hast spoke too much already, therefore be still.

King. Gentle sonne *Edward*, wilt thou stay with me?

Queen. I, to be murdered by his enemies.